

A KANGAROO-HUNT.

Three Thousand Killed in One Day—A Gilded Youth's Encounter with a Big Kangaroo.

A Naami River (New South Wales) correspondent of the London *Graphic* writes:

Last Wednesday all hands knocked off work to take part in a grand kangaroo-battle, convened by some neighboring squatters. It was on the largest scale ever attempted in Australia, with a corresponding result. The local paper some days previously contained the following advertisement:

"Roll up! Roll up! Roll up! Neighbors, friends and strangers, herdsman and footmen, with guns or without, to meet at the — home-

stead, on the 23d of October, for a kangaroo drive. A welcome for everybody. Bring a pair of blankets if you have any; if you haven't, we'll find you some. Plenty of tucker, guns and ammunition. Roll up, boys! Roll up!"

Such an invitation in New South Wales finds ready acceptance, and for two days before the day appointed horsemen by twos and threes might be seen wending their way through the brush to S., the lessee of which run was famed far and wide as a thorough-going sportsman and a liberal employer. Our contingent went all together, and an animated scene the home paddock presented when we arrived at our destination. A similar sight is not to be seen every day in the Australian bush. More than three hundred horsemen, armed with every conceivable variety of gun from the forty-year old shooting iron of Hottis to the latest thing of Greener's, and mounted on every conceivable variety of animal, from an almost unbroken colt to a Suffolk punch. Beside, there was a small army of men on foot to act as beaters. It was a glorious day, but, of course, after a twenty-mile ride we felt like a little refreshment, and there was no lack of it. Huge rounds of beef, cheeses like dray-wheels and great buckets of tea, hot, strong and sweet, disappeared like magic amid much laughter, fun and chaffing.

Next morning, up with the first cry of the laughing jackass, just before daybreak, a wash in the creek, breakfast, and the fun commences. Stations are allotted to all the parties by our leader along both sides of the gully—the whole length of it. Old hands at the game generally lie down, because, in the excitement, bullets and swan shot fly around rather too close to be pleasant. I looked sharp out for my vis-a-vis, and discovered one of the rankest of "new chums." It has been my fortune to run across—one of those gilded youths who are sent out here now and again, with lots of money and no brains. Heaven alone knows what they come here for, unless it is to be made a laughing stock of through the colonies. They haven't a single idea except themselves, and their speech is generally limited to "Haw! oh! yeth!" There, opposite me, stood this particular specimen—admirably got up for the bush. Velvet knickerbockers, nothing less; ankle-jacks that I could see from where I stood were pinching him horribly as he rested himself first on one foot and then on the other, like a "native companion," gazing meanwhile intently up into the trees from under the scanty shade of a little stiff black billycock. Seeing that this gentleman was handling a brand-new revolving rifle, I lay down flat behind a tolerably thick stump. The beater could now be heard at work, the cracks of their whips and wild yells and shouts making the bush ring again.

Soon half a dozen "flying does" came hopping down the gully, thud, thud, thud, on the hard ground; but they never reached so far as our position, but fell victims to a dozen shots from the other side—the rule in these cases being (as is well known), the marsh owls on entering a gully will attempt to make for the scrub, on one side or the other) for the shooters only on the side they make for to fire. This lessens risks of accidents, which, however, frequently occur. Thicker and faster now rolled the living tide of kangaroos, wallaroos, wallabies and all their relations, large and small, encompassed between two walls of sportsmen, raining solid ball and shot. Of course, it was a massacre, but it was badly wanted. Remember, each kangaroo is said to consume the grass of five sheep a day. We had not expected such a drive as this, for the wide gully was literally choked from side to side with the jumping, swaying masses.

The blue velvet knickerbockers I could see dimly, now and again, through the clouds of smoke; and a continuous crack, crack, from that quarter, accompanied by the whiz of bullets past my head, warned me not to stand up yet. The heavy rush was over, and the firing slackened considerably, but the new chum continued to blaze away as fast as he could put his cartridges in and discharge his piece. He had by this time got from the scrub nearly out into the middle of the gully, and there he stood firing, but seldom hitting anything, people all around singing out and swearing at him—to no purpose. He evidently meant to put a biped of some sort, if not a kangaroo. One of the latter, a very big "old man," at this moment entered the gully, and running the gauntlet of a few straggling shots—for guns were by this time getting hot and ammunition scarce—he made straight for our friend in the knickerbockers, who violently stood his ground, and discharged four shots nearly point blank at the seven-footer, one only grazing his cheek or jaw. The sting of the bullet made the "old man" so savage that the next moment he had blue breeches, breech-loader and all in a loving embrace, and was busily engaged in doing his best to disembowel the unfortunate Mr. X, with his long, sharp hind claws. To do the chap justice, I must say he behaved well, and, though horribly

scared and plumed as he was, he kicked and struggled with all his might, as some one afterward remarked: "Never so much as let a yell out of him." Off came the velvetboots and billycock, the former strewn the ground with long strips, the latter tangled the "old man's" long claw, to which, perhaps, our chum owed his escape with only a few nasty nips, for men came running up to him from all sides, and the savage old brute got his skull knocked in with the stock of a rifle, while his opponent, released from his grip, stood ruefully surveying himself, and wiping off the blood and dirt from his legs, how quite denuded of their civilized covering.

Well, the slain were now counted, and reached the very respectable total of 2,800; but lots got away, badly wounded, many of them to be yarded in the next day's drive. I dare say with those that died in the bush the tally came up to 3,000. Packing up was now the order of the day. Hoses were brought up, tents struck and stowed away with the eatables in spring carts, drags and wagonettes, and a start made for the next camp and another day's drive.

Waste Paper in China.

It is generally mentioned in popular books on China that the respect for paper on which any words are written is so great that scavengers are specially employed to collect it in the streets and preserve it. Whatever doubt existed on this score must now be set at rest, for in a recent issue of the *Peking Gazette* we find a memorial to the throne from the police censor of the central division of the capital, reporting that there are in that city over eighty establishments for the manufacture of waste paper. Paper with characters on it, the memorialist complains, used to be mixed with the waste paper and defiled by being applied to such base uses. The memorialist and his colleagues published proclamations embodying the sacred edict of the great Emperor Kang-hi, that in heaven and earth there is nothing more precious than written characters. Shopkeepers were forbidden to traffic in printed or written paper, and the manufacturers were ordered to pick out all such paper from among the waste paper purchased by them and send it to the offices, where a certain amount per pound would be paid for it. Two temples were selected where this paper could be properly burned periodically. The police magistrates on inquiry find that now the manufacturers have some idea of the reverence due to written characters; but some permanent means of supporting the expenses of the purchase and sacred process of destruction should be established, as at present the memorialist has to pay them out of his own pocket. He further suggests that the sale of the house and furniture of a certain escaped criminal, though they will not fetch much, will be sufficient, if put out at interest, to meet these expenses; and he further requests that the sale of written paper to manufacturers be forbidden. The imperial rescript on this memorial has not come to our notice; but in all probability the escaped criminal's house and furniture are now employed in preventing the defilement of the written paper of Peking.—*London Nature*.

The Bad Boy Reforms.

"I tell you," said the bad boy to the grocery man, "the more I read about being good and going to Heaven the more I think a feller can't be too careful, and from this out you won't find a better boy than I am. When I come in here after this and take a few dried peaches or crackers and cheese, you charge it right up to pa, and then I won't have it on my mind and have to answer for it at the great judgment day. I am going to shake my chum, cause he chews tobacco, which is wicked, though I don't see how that can be, when the minister smokes, but I want to be on the safe side. I am going to be good or bust a suspender, and hereafter you can point me out as a boy who has seen the folly of an ill-spent life, and if there is such a thing as a fifteen-year-old boy, who has been a terror, getting to be a man, I am the halpin. I tell you, when I listen to the minister tell about the angels flying around there and I see pictures of them purtier than any girl in this town, with chubby arms and dimples in the cheeks and shoulders, and long golden hair, and think of myself here cleaning off horses in a livery stable and smelling like an old harness, it makes me tired, and I wouldn't miss going there for ten dollars. Yes, sir, hereafter you will find me as good as I know how to be. Now I am going to wash up and go and help the minister move."

As the boy went out the grocery man sat for several minutes thinking of the change that had come over the bad boy and wondered what had brought it about, and then he went to the door to watch him as he wended his way across the street with his head down, as though in deep thought, and the grocery man said to himself, "that boy is not as bad as some people think he is," and then he looked around and saw a sign hanging up in front of the store, written on a piece of box cover, with blue pencil, "Spoiled cannot hunt and tongue good enough for church pieties," and he looked after the boy who was slipping down an alley and said, "The condemn little whelp. Wait till I catch him."

When Mrs. Grant was at the White House she ordered for the banquet a long, flat mirror for the center of the table, and this, with the Hiawatha boat, selected by Mrs. Hayes, is the handsomest ornament for the dinner service. The mirror is beautifully and effectively arranged with flowers. The flowers are all supposed to have come from the White House conservatory, but that does not always supply as many as are needed.

QUEER MOTIVES.

Reasons Which Impel Some Men to Commit Suicide.

The published accounts of 1,000 suicides contain queer stories. It will hardly be credited that a man would kill himself because his mule died, but a report from North Carolina in October says that "Caleb Hobbs committed suicide on account of the death of a mule to which he was attached. The mule died Friday, and the owner wept over it until to-day, when he remarked that he could not live without his mule, and mixing a lot of whiskey and laudanum, swallowed it. He was found dead." Another tale from Ohio is barely credible, as it relates that one Joseph Kuder, "on trial at the small village of Tontagon for killing the wife of a recently married man, committed suicide by taking arsenic." An Oregon youth, aged nineteen years, loved his cousin and shot himself through the heart after inscribing on a visiting card the words: "My Fannie, no man has ever died for you." A small market gardener in Illinois hung himself because his corn was rotting in the ground. Another Illinois man shuffled off this mortal coil because he had lost his best boy and best cow, and didn't want to live any longer. A superstitious merchant in New York cut his throat because a customer sent him a letter asking for the latest quotations in looking-glasses. An extravagant wife of a poor Colorado doctor swallowed arsenic because her lenient father, who had supplied her with money for many years, had resolved to draw the string of his money-bag closer, and not send her any more money, as he was desirous of her becoming more economical in her ways. A Missouri father was over-convinced with shame on learning that his son had stolen a watch, and ended his woe by a dose of poison.

An Ohio young man drowned himself because his "Clara" had jilted him in the following cruel style:

You may say I am perfection,
Say you love to see me smile;
You may tell me that you love me,
Though you're jesting all the while;
You may whisper loving pleadings,
Woe me with a gentle sigh,
But your vows like chaff will scatter—
You'll forget me by-and-by.

A New Jersey inventor devised a corn husker, which was a failure because it only worked satisfactorily on large ears; therefore he suicided. A San Francisco hunchback left word behind him that blood rushed to his head, which seemed to be shrinking through his shoulders, and his bones were tangled one with the other, rendering him wild with pain. The force of example is remarkable; a St. Louis shoemaker shot himself because he lived within a block of a shoemaker who severed his jugular vein, and this deed preyed upon his mind. A sailor tied a rope about his neck and leaped overboard. His body was towed into port before being discovered. A Vermont widow hung herself with a skein of yarn. A Virginian made four attempts to take his life, and finally committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a shotgun. The muzzle of the weapon was placed against his right eye and discharged by a string fastened to the trigger and tied around a toe of the right foot. A Pennsylvania wheelwright used a hatchet, a knife and a rope. With the hatchet he struck himself three times on the back of the head, with the knife he severed his windpipe, but missed the jugular vein, and with the rope he strangled himself. An Illinois mechanic hung himself to a ladder in the bell tower of a church and was discovered by a frightened sexton. A Californian spread a blanket on the floor by the side of his bed, tied a small rope round his neck so as to draw through a loop, and tying the other end around the top of the bed-post, less than two feet above the floor, lay down with his right arm under his head, and strangled to death. An Iowa farmer cut his wrists with a plane, and afterward hung himself to a fence five feet high. The distance was so short that in order to produce death he was obliged to draw his knees up over his eyes and hold them there with his elbows. An old man of eighty years, living in Western New York, foretold the day of his death, and to fulfill his prediction cut his throat from ear to ear with a razor which he held in one hand, and which he had tied with a string so it could not move when doing the deed. A California powder maker made his exit with giant powder, and was blown to shreds.

The Shah's Way.

When the Shah of Persia begins to suspect that one of his nobles is growing too rich, he contrives to "clip his wings." Either he sends him every day, for a couple of weeks or months, some delicacy from his own table, for which said noble has to pay each time the sum of 1,000 pieces of gold; or he delegates to him the duty of entertaining a foreign embassy, or some diplomatic body. Again, he either plays every week half-a-dozen games of chess with him at 1,000 sequins a game, or he arranges bets up to 12,000 sequins, and, of course, the happy mortal on whom the Shah chooses to confer this honor must not have the audacity to win for fear of losing his head. But if the Shah desires to ruin him at one fell stroke, he invites him as a guest to his house. This mark of distinction is so expensive that the wealthiest subject is thereby plunged into the deepest poverty.

A young Nebraska farmer refused to marry his betrothed because she used powder. He evidently thought it unsafe to have a match where there was so much powder.—*Boston Transcript*.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, says he has made 8,500 speeches and traveled 460,000 miles since he began lecturing in 1842.

The potato crop in Germany has been an utter failure.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity.
In the good time coming,
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil,
Draw the string of his money-bag
In the good time coming;
But shall play in beautiful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman, who many years
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears,
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

'Till in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

'My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

'My flock is dying on the plain;
The heavens are brass; they yield no rain;
The earth is iron. I toil in vain!"

While yet he spoke a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice he heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery;
Yet none can toil in vain for me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the cluster on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work; God can create;
But they who work, and wait and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunders in thy ear—
And answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing to a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was raising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the cloud he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Re-written with his rainbow pen.

"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though all enemies assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

WAS IT CHANCE?

The wind swept over a silver string;
The cord responded, but why did it sing?
Was it chance?

The golden sun, rising, illumined the sky;
The lotus awakened, but why did it sigh?
Was it chance?

The nightingale hovered all night o'er the tree;
Why blossomed the rosebud at dawn? Who
knew?

Was it chance?
The moon flew away with the dark gazelle;
Which courted the other? Who can tell?
Was it chance?

Was it chance?
The lover found many strange ways to his
fair,
But, arrived at the spot, she was ever there—
Was it chance?

—From the Persian.
THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

If we can send a message round the earth,
And conquer time, as measured by the
sun,

Without obstruction from its rolling girth
Shall we deny to Heaven what man has
done?

Shall we deny that star may sing with star
In chant sublime, unheard of mortal
ears?

And with our petty thoughts of near or far
Presume to talk of distance in the
spheres?

Doubt it no more, ye earth-imprisoned
souls!
All heaven is filled with sympathies
divine,
And orb with orb rejoices or condole,
And flash electric music as they shine.

—Charles Mackay.

A PROFESSIONAL CONFESSION.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle*, of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith republished entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the *Democrat and Chronicle*:
SIR: My motives for the publication of the unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position, and to warn others against entering it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city, surrounded by my friends and waiting for my death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous, any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and, in my own experience, what was or sickness was, very much to be feared. I would read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull and indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which fastened itself upon my system began. Still I thought it was nothing that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times a morbid, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from malaria, and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and foam appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly dissipated by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger always brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, Oh, how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and soon through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing weaker. My condition had really become frightful. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to the size of trees. My weight had been reduced from 200 to 120 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could not eat food upon my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living skeleton. My mind was unimpaired. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor, convulsively clutching the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I lay in the death-requiem. My thoughts constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, Rev. Dr. Foster, rector of St. Paul's church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he made me feel that a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used, Dr. Foster detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy. He urged me to try it. At the time I was a physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being of the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foster, that I finally promised that I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to his directions. At first it sickened me, but this I thought was a good sign for me in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. A few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hemorrhages ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy to the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music in this city, stating in full the symptoms of the almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain, and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately and as a physician, that I believe that more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose bright disease is diagnosed by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure re-

sult of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement, such as this, coming from one known as I am throughout the entire land as a physician and lecturer, will arise the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.

Life in an Arizona Mining Camp.
The following is an extract from a woman's private letter, printed by the *Chicago Tribune*. If you could see me now! What contrasts there are in life; indeed, half the world do not know how the other half live. Here we are in a little mud hut, the floor of earth and the walls of mud bricks. The roof is of shingles, but spaces between permit the wind to enter and play round the cald in gusts. A rough bed of wood stands in one corner with a wire mattress; over that are spread a buffalo robe and some blankets. Upon this bed we sleep. There is a rude fireplace whereon burn brightly campstoves complete the list of furniture. The washstand is unique—a piece of canvas-stump with a broad shingle for the top, on which rests a tin basin. Boxes with shelves nailed in ornament the walls and serve for writing-tables, chests, etc. We take our meals in a tent. The cook is Chinese of course, and very good meat he serves us—much better than are obtained at some railway stations. This is a wild, picturesque spot, on a high plateau, surrounded by mountain peaks, looking down upon either side into deep gulches. The country about is devoid of verdure, except the "scrub" mesquite and chaparral, and a peculiar species of cacti, resembling sentinels standing about as they do, solitary shafts, with occasional arms. Some of them look almost human, an excretion forming a sort of head, and branches like arms protruding at about the distance from the head that arms should grow. They are very weird in the starlight. The queer-looking Mexicans one meets, with the broad-brimmed sombrero, and blanket about the shoulders, recall to mind the dandies of the play, and involuntarily one's heart beats quick with fear at the meeting. Every now and then the thud of distant blasting almost makes one imagine a battle afar. During the day I tramp over the hills, and at night watch for the beautiful sunset which floods the sky and mountains "with purple and red." No where on earth are more startling effects produced by cloud and atmosphere than here in the wilds of Arizona.

To Carry in the Hat.

A Hatless gunsmith and model maker who has had considerable experience in constructing intricate machinery, including devices for handling powerful explosives, said to a New York *Sun* reporter that he had in the past few months made two so-called infernal machines that were concealed in innocent-looking silk hats. The machinery is operated by clockwork. He added:

"To conceal the machinery there is placed over it a concave mirror. Any curious person looking into the hat would not notice its shallow depth because of the appearance of its face would assume. The can is intended for nitro-glycerine, and will hold considerably more than a quart. It is intended that the man who wishes to use the machine shall wear it into the building he wishes to injure. Removing his hat and placing it against a wall, he will take a handkerchief out of it and at the same time remove the pin that allows the clockwork to start. Then he will put on a soft hat, which he will take from his pocket, and walk away."

"Isn't such a hat top-heavy and liable to drop off?" the reporter asked.
"Not so heavy as you would think; only two pounds and about five ounces. Any one can accustom himself to carry a brick like that in his hat."

The Zulu Origin of Baboons.

The Zulus supply us with a theory of the origin of baboons. To a Zulu a baboon is much less an animal than a man, whose transformation he is quite able to explain. It is one of Tusi's men, he says, when he kills one, and Tusi was a man of the Amafere tribe, a people so habitually idle that they would always eat at other people's houses rather than dig for themselves. Tusi, their chief, one day led them into the wilderness, where the handles of their digging implements gradually turned into tails, their foreheads became overhanging, and their bodies covered with hair; and from that time they went to the precipices and have had their dwelling among the rocks. So thought the Germans once of the apes; they were born as men in other parts of the world, and came to Germany in the form of birds.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

The Friend that Clings.

A poet in one of our exchanges says: "Give me the friend that clings to me." Yes, that is the kind of friend we like, but they are scarce. We had a young friend once who was accustomed to cling to us until it seemed that he couldn't cling any longer. He clung to us until we, in one of our venting and unguarded moments, lent him ten dollars. Since that date he hasn't clung to us to any great extent. On the contrary, all the clinging has been done by us. When we meet him on the street we show a strong desire to cling, while he would flee away from us and be free as a bird. He is not one of the cling variety any more. The poet is right, but he should have said: "Give me the friend who clings to me when he owes me ten dollars."—*Middletown Transcript*.